

By Harold Borofsky Battalion Sports Editor

Scrimmage Comes Fast and Rough As Team Primes For Initial Clash

Saturday proved to be a very thrilling afternoon for those who went down to Kyle Field and watched the Aggie team scrimmage. First on the list the A team played the C's and D's for about thirty minutes. Then the B's took on the C's and D's for about the same length of time. At last, for the feature event, the A team and the B team mixed it up in a real display of fine football, though not by any means close to perfection, for that matter, as good as they're going to have to be.

Through the afternoon there were many outstanding plays. For the A team "Red" Turner and Earl Beasley continually racked up long gains on running plays while Marion Flanagan and Marion Settagast held down the pass receiving end very nicely. Herb Turley turned

Sports Squibs From Here and There; Numerals Issued to 45

Last Saturday numerals were issued to 45 members of the A, B, and C, teams. These will be the boys' playing numerals, and there is a possibility that those who were not issued numerals Saturday will be given them sometime before the Bryan Field game.

Drills for yesterday and today will be concentrated on punt and kick-off returning and defensive work. A part of each day will be spent in familiarizing the boys with the plays, which will have to

ed in a nice job kicking the extra points for the A boys.

The B team, not to be outdone, turned out many fine plays, gaining a good deal of yardage from their opponents. The B's first touchdown against the C's and D's came as the result of a beautiful punt return wherin "Red" Burdett took the ball on a reverse from Deere and went 80 yards for the score with beautiful blocking all the way.

The next intersquad game will be played tomorrow, and if it is anything like the last one it will really be a thriller, so let's all get down there and watch it. The boys on the team made several comments about the turnout Saturday afternoon but there still weren't enough to really make it look like old times.

Hats off department: to the boys on the C and D teams. They are really doing a swell job and are keeping the first and second string on their toes. They deserve a lot more praise than they have a chance of getting, so here's to them!

There's only about two weeks left now so let's let that team know we are behind them all the way. Get down and WATCH THAT TEAM!

Trimming Tabs Squadron I

Fellow comrades, if it so may be quoted "the situation is in doubt." First of all, each member of this fast stepping organization should and is to be again commended for helping to add further laurels in favor of Squadron I, of course we are referring to the seruring of a second ribbon. However, after the last review with the keen performance of each Squadron quite obvious, each and all of us have our respective fingers crossed, figuratively speaking, as the final exam is usually the most difficult as proved exceptionally true in our case, but win, lose, or draw—we will accept the final decision in a manner broad of mind realizing that our efforts have been directed to this end for the sake of healthy and friendly competition and have not been engaging our actual enemy where alternatives would not exist. Well, here's hoping.

Incidentally, have you noticed, or actually been a part of, that invisible force which automatically seems to keep one in position while marching, in fact, a guiding hand can almost be felt on occasions, but these elements are probably the direct result of extreme eagerness coupled with individual determination on the part of each A/S to do his best, being proud of his organization. This phenomenon could be called "esprit de corps" but whatever it is referred as, let us maintain that same attitude, gentlemen, throughout our training—it is a prerequisite for success, during a world-wide conflict or after.

Upon casually studying unconfirmed results of our first personnel inspection, it can only be stated that most of us will not make the same mistake twice if "we were taken by surprise." One could just about hear the reverberations of the gentlemen's heartbeats and accompanying blood pressures standing on all sides, nevertheless, it was as if tremendous tension were relieved from the spring within each individual when they were finally free to start on their first real pass. Monday will prove what a good time can, or can not, do for an energetic A/S—we shall see.

OFF BEAM STATIC What potential navigator was to blame for throwing the entire Squadron off course during the initial long road run, or was this the result of plans instigated days ago. At any rate, the trek was enjoyed by all concerned in spite of the barbed wire, but will we think for ourselves next time? The masses can be wrong Mistert Martin and Callahan seemingly spend much of their "free time" around the North Gate. What would it take to occupy your "free time" gentlemen? We are still listening.

Circling the Field Squadron III

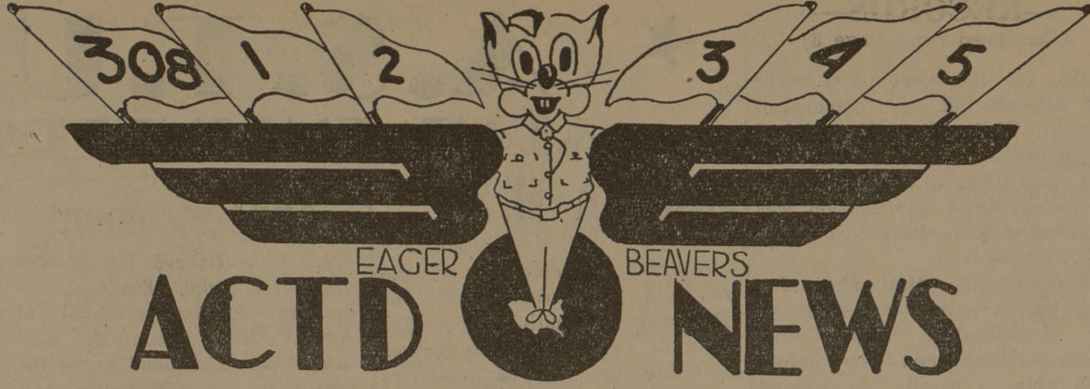
Good day young gentlemen, here we are at the end of our flying schedule and we are waiting for that "certain vacation" to roll around.

I notice that when we fellows start talking about flying, we always put in a god word for our instructors. Gentlemen, we have the squarest men for instructors—every one of them has done all he can to help us. With a bunch of swell fellows like this and fellows that really know their flying, we can't fail to get the very best results. Let's hope that our future instructors can at least half-way compare with our present instructors, if they do, I know we'll all come out "flying 'em high."

I think that Mr. Ismert and Mr. Jackson have the record of the Squadron. I don't think that anyone else can say they have been in Houston, Dalals and over the Gulf on one day. Sunday these two lads hoofed it out to Bryan Field to look for a hop in a plane. As usual, luck with them and they caught a ride on a B-25. Lt. Powell took their ship off and headed southward to Houston, Galveston and around the Gulf. They spent an hour and a half flying over Houston and Galveston and then came back to the field. After a brief lapse of an hour and a half, they again took off, but this time for Dallas parts. The lads had a "flying good time" on their hops and they are convinced that they could fly anything if given the chance.

Everyone in the Squadron had their week end passes, but I couldn't seem to find any news on (See CIRCLING, page 4)

feature this issue entitled, "Attention Squadron V."



Service Record By Robert P. Damsky

BIOGRAPHY OF A/S JOSEPH URUSKI

"Joe," as he is known by his many friends, is one of the best liked students in Squadron I of the 308th College Training Detachment at Texas A. & M. College, but this has also been true of him throughout his career in the Regular Army as an enlisted man in the Ordnance branch. It was about January 8, 1941 that he decided to volunteer for service after being a chemists apprentice at Ful-ton Aniline Corporation, affiliated with DuPont. He had realized he would like to gain experience in ordnance work as his ambition at that time was to become an ordnance inspector for the government. Consequently, the Hawaiian islands were chosen as a duty assignment via the Panama Canal and about eighteen months were consumed in service at Hickam Field. Joe knows the island of Oahu, in which Honolulu is situated, very well and spent many happy days fishing and swimming the year round in this locale.

However, all good things must come to an end and December 7th wrote "finis" to the old regime. On that catastrophic occasion Joe, alongside many old comrades, attempted to load bombs into B-18's (See RECORDS, Page 4)

Editor's Note By George A. Martin

(The following is a copy of a letter received by Lieutenant Bagby from one of the "Beavers" who left for Classification some time ago. Mr. Bohn was formerly a member of the old Squadron V.)

(The following letter Dear Lt. Bagby; We have finally deached Pre-Flight School after about a five week stay at Classification Center.

I had no difficulty in passing my mental and physical tests and was very happy when they put the O. K. stamp on me.

I was made First Sergeant in my Squadron and I had to be very diplomatic at times with old friends when I had to put them on K. P. and the many other details that seem to be the major functions at Classification Center. We were given our Cadet issues theh and finally a week ago amid band music and cheering, we took the final parade at Classification and proceeded down the road and through the gates into Pre-Flight. No need to tell you how thrilled we all were to pass through the gates on our next step forward and onward to our ultimate goal.

We were hurriedly indoctrinated into Pre-Flight by lots of marching and attending classes. The classes we are now having are Naval Identification, Mathematics, and Code. Code seems to be the stiffest to master, but lots of practice should do the job. We are allowed no liberties as far as open post is concerned until the stage of Upper Classman is made and it's in the Barracks at 8:30, lights out at 10, and 6 A. M. reveille. The two hours of P. T. here each day would make a week at A. & M. look sick. They really pour it to you. Two hours of drill rounds out the day and you hardly have time to sit down but what you are on the go again. I was elected to represent my Squadron on the Honor Council for which I was somewhat flattered.

In closing I wish to thank you for your many kindnesses and please say hello to the office force for me.

Sincerely, Fred W. Bohn

LOUPOT'S

Trade with Lou — He's right with you!

Ladies Dresses A Specialty Lauterstein's

Attention Squad. V

Wedding Bells will toll for two members of our Squadron this coming week end. Mr. Lovestead's fiance is ariving here from Washington, D. C., Friday evening. Exact hour and date of the wedding is not known yet, so Mr. Lovestead we can't be there to wish Miss Viola Serdahl and yourself everlasting happiness, therefore in behalf of your numerous friends in Squadron V, we do so now.

Mr. Hennessee and Miss Anna Hoover are also to be married at the Baptist Church here on the Campus at 1700 Saturday. Mr. Hennessee's future wife has formerly resided at Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Javedas of Squadron V will act as best man. Take notice men and don't forget as many as possible try to stop by the church, equipped with rice to send them off to a life time of happiness.

Two more men have planned to be married soon. Good luck and happiness to you both Mr. Javedas and Mr. Sorenson.

Wing News

Last Wednesday, A/S Owen BBennett received a letter from a girl friend and after he had read the first paragraph his emotions elevated him a good three feet off of his seat, where he remained until he hit that last sentence. This is confidential so we trust you won't repeat a word of it: "Dearest Owen,

You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me in this manner but an anxiety has drawn me to the point where I cannot help back any longer. I must ask you this question now rather than (See NEWS, Page 4)

Hedge Hopping Squadron IV

Good morning, gentlemen, or is it afternoon when you read this? Or do you read it at all? No, I don't blame you a bit.

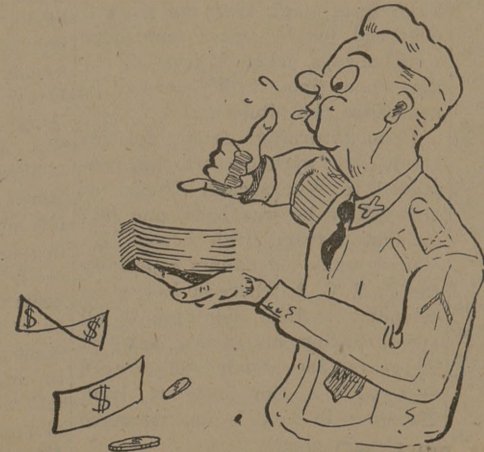
Anyway, we'll start off with a proclamation. Hereafter, et cetera, Squadron IV will be officially known as "Hungry Four," in recognition of their tremendous accomplishment in winning the mess formation streamers three consecutive weeks. Members of the squadron will be entitled to wear the Sbsa Hall campaign ribbon,—a box of Post-Toasties rampant on a field of scrambled eggs.

Squadron Commander Maderas evidently believes in the old saying that variety is the spice of life. After two months of falling out with the words, "On the double, gentlemen," ringing in their ears, the men were astounded more than somewhat Friday morning to hear "Let's hear the patter of little feet, gentlemen."

(See HEDGE HOPPING, Page 4)

CLEANING, PRESSING ALTERATION Lauterstein's

LOUPOT'S Watch Dog of the Aggies



I'm Buying!

Aggies have made me the largest book dealer on the campus because they can get a right deal when they bring their books, slide rules, drawing sets and other school equipment to me. This semester is about over—so Lou suggests to you that you keep your books if you can—they'll be fine in the future for reference—but if you can't, bring them to me for best prices.

THE BOYS NEXT SEMESTER WILL NEED LAMPS—SO BRING ME YOURS AND I'LL PASS IT ON TO SOMEBODY AFTER SEPTEMBER 27.

LOU'S GUARANTEE

As always—my guarantee still stands. If you sell us something and find out later that you can get more for it somewhere else, we will sell it back to you at just what we paid you for it. That's fair, isn't it?

LOUPOT'S TRADING POST

"TRADE WITH LOU - HE'S RIGHT WITH YOU"



NEW FALL PAJAMAS

New fall pajamas that are rich in coloring, easy to look at and a pleasure to wear. Enjoy the comfort of these fine pajamas.

See them today.

Sizes A to D

\$2.25 and up

W.S.D. CLOTHIERS College and Bryan

A/S Cummings started a one man invasion of his own this week end at the North Gate and scored victory by getting a date with a very pretty brunette. We know who—

We have a regular wolf in our Squadron, recently discovered, who has a classification all his own. None other then A/S Ghisletta. No longer called a wolf, he has been appointed a "pointer." At pleasing scenic views and attractive smiles his ears become pointed.

Men for a ufrther reminder, remember Saturday's inspection. Suppose we remedy those Lil Abner highwater pants. Drop the cuff a little.

Prior to last Thursday, A/S T. C. Johnson didn't believe his Physics instructor when he said that a force applied to an inverted curve would lift the ends through tension. His wife arrived though and without external forces his mouth lost the wilted flower look and he came up with a smile.

Asimple question—What urgent business carried Dixon to Navasota this week end and returned his a number of hours early from his pass? Not stood up we hope.

While Student Officer of the Day the other night, Mr. Rimmer was awakened by a violent ringing of the telephone in his ear. He arose to hear a "squosh." Result; one each cock-roach burger, without bread. When he answered the phone it was a cockroach wanting to know if he would send him uot a "C" card, his car ran out of gas. When he started to get back in' bed, there was a three hour revolution before another cock-roach abdicated his bed.

Mr. Pickard, Squadron V drug store cowboy and First Sergeant spent his weekend riding western broncho's eastern style. Bouncing—horse down—Pickard up. No synchronization at all Mr. Pickard. Try sitting at attention.

By special request we print the following appeal. It is fine to be an Eager Beaver fellows but think of the other fellow once in awhile. Some men have been getting up twenty minutes or so before the bugle to do extra studying. Hooray for them. But please don't move tables, beds, and chairs so noisely. A number of us need that extra twenty minutes sleep to meet the day with a clear head and stay awake in class.

Ramp. Two noted Caruso's of E Ramp, Aviation Students Paysour and Post were eard singing "The Road to Mandalay" recently. (with numerous detours. Possibly to Darkest Africa from the Sounds.) In the middle of the song a bridge fell through and cymbals were substituted by bouncing G. I. shoes. Keep it up boys, you'll get to Mandalay yet. You know Magellan sailed around the world backwards. You can do the same with your singing.

We close this issue with a specified notice. Watch for special